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Vol. IV.

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No. 6

MARCH.

Richmond College

MESSENGER.

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EDITORS:

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*M. B. CURRY,
J. T. DICKINSON,*

PHILOLOGIAN:

*J. W. SNYDER,
W. T. HUDGINS.*

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1879.

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Richmond College Messenger.

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RICHMOND, VA., MARCH, 1879.

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EDITORS:—*Mu Sigma Rho*—M. B. CURRY, J. T. DICKINSON; *Philologist*—J. W. SNYDER, W. T. HUDGINS.

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THE BROWN, BLUE AND GRAY.

BY H. C. PARSONS.

The watchers were weary, and train time was nigh,
There was protest and pleading, and tearful good-bye,
We laid the three gently upon the white bed,
And tenderly pillowed each sorrowful head.
The lips were all silent, and soft were the sighs;
The lashes were hiding the beautiful eyes;
On the right lay the dark waves, that rippled with gold,
On the left flowed the silver that never was told,
And the wing of the raven between.

The brown eyes said, closing—"I hope you'll be late;"
The blue eyes yet trembled—"How long can you wait?"
The gray, dark with pleading, were closing in prayer;
The hush of His angel was stilling the air.
The brown hands lay crossed and pressed in their place;
The white hands lay lost in the fold of the lace;
In velvet and dimples, the hand that was stirred;
The breath of the sleepers was all that I heard,
And the shriek of the incoming train.

I twice kissed the proud lips,—the ruby lips twice.
The lips that were pouting I turned to them thrice,
Then hurried forth blind in the pitiless rain
And into the night on the outgoing train—
But I think while I bent over tresses and bands,
All my heart-strings were caught by the motionless hands;
For whenever I wait and wherever I roam,
They are driving me on, they are drawing me home,
While I dream of the brown, blue and gray.

—[Scribner.

FRANCE, THE REPUBLIC AND GAMBETTA.

Because of the valuable, although not entirely unselfish, aid rendered to the colonies in their unequal struggle against the "mother country," France has been regarded with partial favor by the American people. Everything pertaining to her government and people excites interest. Her more recent history commands, on many accounts, unusual attention.

To one who has not made French history a specialty, the kaleidoscopic mutations of French politics are very puzzling. Revolutions are so frequent, dynastic contentions are so chronic, it is not easy to keep *en rapport* with the spirit of the times. In a hundred years, near a score of radical changes have occurred in the government of the nation. No ruler of France, from 1789 to the election of Grévy as president, has failed to encounter most serious troubles. Since 1870 the atrocities of the Commune and the attempts of MacMahon to convert the Republic into a monarchy, are unfavorable auguries for peace.

The fall of the empire, after the capture of Louis Napoleon at Sedan, led to the establishment of a Republic. Notwithstanding the attempts, open and furtive, at its subversion, and the presence of most potent and active agencies for evil, the friends of popular government have strong hopes of the ability of the Republic to perpetuate itself. The recent withdrawal of MacMahon from the presidency, and the election and induction of Jules Grévy as his successor, were conducted so peacefully and with such quiet determination on the part of the Republicans to prevent disorder and outbreaks, the most skeptical are taking fresh courage and hope as to the permanence of the present government. Goldwin Smith has a late piquant article on "Ninety Years' Agony of France," but the well-wishers of our revolutionary ally, despite some prognostications of failure, unfortunately too well justified by frequent excesses of the Parisians, cannot but hope that France will set the example of a stable and well-administered free government. Principles of constitutional liberty are securing recognition and favor in different countries of Europe. Governments, once arbitrary, are yielding to public opinion and to the just demands for a wider basis of liberty. The influence of the United States is working salutarily, and we cannot repress the liveliest sympathy in the efforts of the countrymen of La Fayette to establish institutions based on the principle of the equality of men in the eye of the law.

Two dangers awaken some apprehensions as to the peace and prosperity, if not the existence, of the Republic. It is too true that "Paris is France." Centralization is unfavorable to popular liberty. France needs separate departments or provinces, with local legislatures, so as to diminish central legislation and discipline smaller communities to self-government. With this centralism has been connected a kind of socialism or communism, causing a reliance on government for labor and subsistence. Whenever a people, habitually, or even occasionally, look to government to furnish or direct labor, to give employment, to supply food—whenever the property of the thrifty and industrious is taken by taxation to support the idle and improvident, civil liberty

may begin to number its days. To accustom citizens to expect distribution from a public granary or treasury, is to write the epitaph of free government.

Another most dangerous foe of the Republic is the Romish Church, which includes full ninety per cent. of the population of France. That Church puts itself above the State and claims supremacy over all civil governments and laws. Papal infallibility, if accepted and acted on as a dogma, Gladstone demonstrated to be incompatible with civil allegiance. Ultramontaniam is pure despotism in ecclesiastical matters, and cannot but be the foe of political freedom.

Despite these elements of evil, France seems to be moving on in her self-chosen Republican career smoothly and beautifully. A few years ago the Republic was in a minority in the Senate and in the Deputies, while the President's convictions and sympathies were with the monarchists. Now the Republic has, in its friends, the control of executive and legislative departments, and this great change has been wrought without violation of law, or disturbance of order, or infringement of the rights of any class or section.

Very much of this peaceful and beneficent result is due to Gambetta. He has played his difficult *role* with consummate ability. Our readers should remember that France is divided into two parties, the Monarchical and Republican, each of which is subdivided into hostile factions. The "Right," or the Monarchists, comprises Legitimists, Orleanists, and Bonapartists. The "Left" embraces Communists and Conservatives. Gambetta belongs, of course, to the "Left." To fuse and unify these heterogeneous elements into a compact organization has required the highest arts of the general and the statesman. Gambetta, learning wisdom each day, has accomplished this difficult work, and now ranks with the Bismarcks and Beaconsfields of Europe.

A few years ago the writer heard, in the Chamber of Deputies, at Versailles, the great Commoner on an exciting question. He is of medium height, has a slightly aquiline nose, black hair, broad forehead, a bright eye (has but one), and weighs about one hundred and fifty pounds. Mounting the tribune, (all speak from the tribune,) he commanded the closest attention. His voice was flexible, sonorous, and under perfect control. His speech was bold, passionate, argumentative, eloquent, and, at times, humorous and satirical. The Assembly was like a mob. There were cheers, hisses, yells, shaking of fists, and the most noisy demonstrations. It seemed as if "Right" and "Left" would come to blows; but the speaker preserved perfect composure. Gambetta is now president of the Chamber of Deputies, and as France has entered politically upon a creative period, it is fortunate that one so able has a position of influence, where he can have a field of usefulness and somewhat direct the government in accordance with republican instead of monarchical theories.

HOME LIFE OF THE ANCIENTS AND MODERNS.

There is no subject which excites more interest, or gains the attention quicker than this of Home Life. Histories are written, giving us thrilling accounts of battles, of the rise and fall of empires, of movements which have influenced the whole world, but after reading them we think of the people as a different set of beings, and the countries as utopias. Explorers search the unknown lands, they tell us of the products, of the scenery, of the learning, of the laws and government, and we hear listlessly; but let them tell us of the people themselves, and of their manner towards one another, and our interest is immediately awakened. We look on them as human beings—living and breathing as we do—ruled and swayed by the same passions, subject to like woes and enjoying like pleasures. In judging a nation, believe me, you will form a better and more accurate opinion of them by basing your decision upon the account of one who has been in their houses, joined in their conversations and sat by their firesides, rather than upon histories and books of travel written by men who know them only as seen in public. Form your opinion of the men, not as public officers, but as private citizens. How differently do we think of that stern cold king—noted for his austerity—when we read of the ambassador finding him on his knees surrounded by his laughing children. We lose sight of the king and see only the man. Like the flower of which the botanist tells us, a nation closes itself at the slightest touch, leaving only a rough boll exposed to view, but by nursing it gently and kindly, you will be repaid by its opening to you all its beauties.

Pursuing this thought further, what better and fairer mode of comparing two nations than by their social habits, their mode of living, and their amusements. Their music alone would form a means of estimating the character of a people. The Italians, indolent and voluptuous, delight in the sentimental; the French, lively and vivacious, give us the opera bouffe; the Germans, slow and phlegmatic, enjoy the heavier music of Wagner. To Great Britain we look for the ballads, while America furnishes an entirely different order of songs, combining sentiment, pathos, and a broad humor, which often sinks to vulgarity, but seldom rises to wit.

Returning to the proposition stated above, I know of no comparison which would be more interesting than that of the Home Life of the Ancients and Moderns.

Of the former we know very little, but it has been said that in our present state of enlightened civilization we can “learn a nation’s history from the *words* they used,” so we will not be discouraged, seeing the immense number of volumes (so the school boy thinks) which have been preserved for us.

As a subject on which we can gain most information, let us look first at their *amusements*. Nearly all the Greek and Latin authors refer to the Olympic games and the immense amphitheatres, which have so well withstood the remorseless hand of the destroyer, give us

additional proofs, if such were needed, of the incomparable magnificence with which these exhibitions were carried on. In what we are led to believe were small provincial towns, are found amphitheatres which far surpass, in size and capacity, our largest houses of amusements. At these places, at least once a year, great crowds assembled to witness the sports. The government bore the expenses, and it was a matter of rivalry among the petty rulers as to which should outdo the other in the splendor of the exhibitions. Their immensity is absolutely astounding. Athletes were brought from distant countries. Asia, Africa and Northern Europe were ransacked to find some new and fierce beast, whose entrance into the arena was greeted with yells. Pompey poured six hundred lions into the arena in one day. In the games of Trajan, which lasted one hundred and twenty days, ten thousand gladiators descended to the combat, and more than ten thousand beasts were slain. Titus had five thousand animals slaughtered in one day.

At first the Olympic games were to encourage the youths to deeds of valor, to inspire them with a desire to conquer and become great, but with prosperity the people became effeminate, making their slaves and prisoners fight instead of entering themselves into the arena. As the masters withdrew, the sports became more and more brutal. The death agonies of the beasts were too tame for the "noble Romans;" it was only the struggle of man with man that could satisfy their intense longing for blood. As the contest became warmer between the gladiators, the crowd yelled like furies. Those clad in royal purple, the ragged plebeian, even those consecrated maidens whose duty it was to save life, here consigned the poor victim to death by turning down their thumbs when he raised his eyes to them in a mute appeal for mercy.

Far back in the dim past we read how in the games the old Greeks and Romans strove for the victor's crown, and we cannot help feeling inspired to follow their example? With what wonderful persistency and dogged determination did they struggle. Years were spent training for the contest. With what pleasure have we read the story of Theseus, how when a little boy his mother took him into a thicket near the temple, and told him to raise a large stone, almost buried in the earth; how Theseus tried, and tried in vain, until his mother took him away and told him to hunt and join the sports another year; how Theseus tried again and failed; how after another year he became superior to all the youths of the land in manly sports, and the third year raised the stone. Then his mother showed him the beautiful land of Greece, whose bones were of white marble and whose veins were of pure gold and silver, where birds sang all day in the thickets, and the fields brought forth abundantly, and then she told him that the land was his, how he must go over and possess it, but that there were many dangers to encounter, and he must struggle hard before he could reach it. Then Theseus wanted to go at once, and his mother bade him a tearful farewell and sent him on his way.

The stories of Perseus, Bellephron, and the Argonauts show the effect of the games. With prosperity, however, the youths became indolent and less ambitious, until they sank into that state of voluptuousness and sensuality, which Juvenal lashes so mercilessly in his

satires. Before this time very little attention was given to the fine arts. But now magnificent edifices, both public and private, were builded all over the land, and to this age do we owe most of the literature. Pliny gives us, perhaps, the best insight to the high life of the Romans. The excavations at Herculaneum and Pompeii open our eyes to new features in the lives of these people. Paintings of marvellous beauty decorate their houses, and their statuary defies competition. In walking through the streets we are struck by the signs: A man whipping a boy represents a school; an anvil, hammer and tongs stands for the blacksmith shop. At the doors of some of the houses we find the words *cave canem*, and sometimes the picture of a dog chained. Inside the houses we find a court for flowers, and in the dwellings of the wealthy fountains are seen. "Bulwer's Last Days of Pompeii" gives a good picture of the every day life, and his grand closing chapters portray, in living characters, the gorgeous and brutal sports of the amphitheatres. The home life of these people was one continuous round of pleasure, or rather the pursuit of it. No expense was spared to obtain new delicacies for the table, and in the novel just mentioned one of the characters complains because the praetor will not allow him to improve the flavor of his fish by feeding them on one of his slaves.

All the authors speak with pride of their country and their homes, but none refer to their childhood. Seneca only refers to a spell of sickness through which he passed in youth. Our modern writers, from Langdale down to the present time, delight to revert to the time when they lisped their prayers at a mother's side, or climbed a father's knee "the envied kiss to share." To that period are we indebted for our sweetest songs, and yet in the whole of the Latin literature we find no reference to that period. Cæsar, Cicero, and Virgil, kind and affectionate as they seem to have been, do not even mention their mothers. The birth of a child in a Roman family was not then looked on as an occasion for rejoicing. The infant was brought to the father, and if he stooped and took it in his arms, it was allowed to live; if not, it was put in some exposed place and left to the mercy of beasts, strangers, and the elements. The early youth was spent in the women's department, the child seldom or never seeing its father, who had power of life and death over it until it became of age.

So, from our standpoint, the ancients had no homes and nothing like a family gathering. Woman, who is with us an equal and a companion, was with them an article of merchandize. She could be bought and sold, men marrying her merely for her dowry. Her spouse could punish her when he wished. Valerius Maximus tells of a man who flogged his wife to death for drinking wine. Marriage, the most sacred contract known to man, was esteemed of so little value that, as Seneca says: "No gazette appears without the announcement of a divorce," and he bitterly complains that: "Women marry for the sake of being repudiated."

How could there be a home or happiness with this state of things? What feelings, save those of selfishness and brutality, could be engendered? In the recent debate in the Senate on the prevention of Chinese immigration, it was forcibly argued that these people are dan-

gerous elements in our population, because they bring no families, have no homes, live without the restraints and refinements of the domestic attachments, and are, therefore, "floaters," and "squatters," and perilous to American civilization.

This was as well the case with the people of whom we have been speaking. The Chinese care nothing for the government, nor the country, the whole aim being the promotion of individual interests. They know no such feeling as charity, and without charity there can be no home; without home, patriotism is impossible; and without patriotism, a government will soon go to ruin.

What a change has come to pass since the times just mentioned. We now live in a prosperous country, inhabited by a noble, enlightened, and patriotic people. We are at peace with all nations, and the white sails of our ships are to be seen in every port. The busy hum of industry may be heard throughout the land, and on every hill-side we see the white cottage of the farmer. As night falls the laborer, weary with the toils of the day, wends his way homeward; his wife greets him with a loving kiss, and his children run eagerly to meet him. How quickly the tired look leaves his face as he tosses a little toddler, who can just lisp "papa," high in the air and kisses its laughing face as he presses it close to his breast. Later in the evening friends drop in, and around the cheerful board they enjoy a pleasant chat. At an early hour they all retire and sleep, as only those whose minds are free from evil thoughts can sleep. The father is up with the lark next morning, and goes to his task cheered by the thought that he works for the loved ones at home.

"From scenes like these old Scotia's grandeur springs,
That makes her loved at home, rever'd abroad;
Princes and lords are but the breath of kings,
An honest man's the noblest work of God."

Home! what a sweet word that is. The traveler, tired and foot-sore, sinks exhausted by the wayside, but soon forgets his sorrow in the thoughts of home. The soldier on the battle field needs only to be told that he is fighting for home, and he presses on with renewed vigor to the fray. The student rests his aching head upon his desk while the rays of the midnight lamp stream over him, and memory brings before his eyes a picture of his home—father and mother, surrounded by his brothers and sisters; or, perhaps, his thoughts go back to her whom he loves and for whom he promised to become a *man*, and he wakes from his lethargy while a new energy stirs him within, and he moves on his task. In after years, when temptations beset, when cares and troubles seem about to overwhelm him, the tender recollections of a mother's love and a father's solicitude will uphold and strengthen him.

Fellow students and travelers on the road to manhood, we who have grown up under these blessed influences and know by experience what associations, sweet and inspiring, cluster around home and mother and sister, can do much towards preserving and increasing these exalted privileges, these stimulating and endearing associations. Let us prove worthy of the trust.

SOME OF THE TENDENCIES OF THE TIMES.

The murmur of the octogenarian against the the degeneracy of the times has long since ceased to excite aught but the passing smile of pity or of sarcasm. And yet, a reflection upon the general characteristics of the age, whilst it reveals, in most respects, a glorious and wonderful progress, will show, also, that the complaints of our grandfathers are not wholly without foundation. So rapid and radical are the changes and innovations constantly occurring around us, that we hardly have time or inclination to listen to invidious comparisons between our habits and those of sixty years ago. We live solely in and for the passing hour. The exigencies of the present constitute the only criterion by which customs and opinions are regulated. The minds of men are so intensely occupied with practical affairs, that it is impossible to conform to any established code or to deliberately fashion new ones. The favorite philosophy of a week ago finds no votaries now; the convictions of yesterday are doubts to-day, and become despised to-morrow. Day after day brings to our ears the story of some accomplished wonder, or the revelation of some secret we never imagined mother nature was concealing. Will the train of progress continue, unchecked, its revolutions around the earth, or will it, ere long, be wrecked against some mountain barrier, rising mysteriously in its path, and demolish with its shock all the palaces and temples which its career has erected? Will the blaze of intelligence finally illuminate the world, with no opaque chinas casting their dark shadows upon the brilliant reflection, or will civilization continue a nomadic career, camping now along the coasts of the Atlantic, and now concentrated on the banks of the Indus? Human logic cannot pry into the mysteries of the future, but a few general characteristics are noticeable, which would seem to indicate legitimate issues.

Let us confine our attention for a moment to our own country, whose cardinal principles have so long held the world in expectancy, and seem at last to be thoroughly recognized as an "experiment," producing successful and permanent results.

Whilst the absolute destruction of all caste and creed distinctions has proven eminently conducive to the development and recognition of merit, whether it be embodied in the street Arab or the pampered child of luxury, and has removed the strongest obstacles which genius has ever been compelled to surmount elsewhere, yet the sequel also shows that it allows undue room for the upstarting of false merit and the propagation of bogus orthodox. Whoever wishes to be heard gains everywhere a willing audience. But our audiences have not the critical accumen and unerring judgment of the old Athenian assemblies. When the dreams of the universal-education propagandists shall have been realized, and each unit of our mongrel population becomes an incarnation of intelligence, then will there be no Gibraltar rocks in the course of our Ship of State, and we may float calmly on without apprehension. But alas! that millennium day has not yet dawned upon us; and unfortunately, we are made painfully conscious that a Kearney may win as many dis-

ciples as a Bayard. Right here is demonstrated a deadly propensity, against which every energy must be concentrated—the supremacy of demagogism. This is the maelstrom whose depths are piled with Republics, and towards which we seem to be rapidly drifting; the fact is palpable, the history of the last decade proves it, and it were suicidal to overlook it.

It may be urged that the ravings of petty politicians cannot exert an undue influence; that they only raise the utterers for a moment to the prominence of ridicule, and leave them to sink again into the obscurity from whence they came. But facts testify differently, and we may as well recollect that when Cleon's voice became prominent in the forum, Athens fell. Moreover, the restless out-croppings of communistic passions which appeared in such threatening force a few years since, and which still rise to the surface every now and then, like bubbles betokening the rising heat within, are but evidences of the false self-importance upon which a greedy populace is too willing to be fed by the artful hand of the demagogue. The central government is powerless to check such tendencies, and can only bring force to operate after huge damage has been perpetrated. The great license of our democratic institutions permits no interference with the free expression of any opinion. When Patrick Henry even hinted that George III might find a parallel to Brutus, cries of "treason" resounded threateningly around him. But now threats and menaces of the most malignant type are loudly applauded by the very men who ought to constitute the bone and sinew of the country. National pride, which is England's distinctive characteristic and furnishes her strongest safeguard, is fast becoming a thing unknown.

Another momentous feature with us is the total lack of all conservatism. The poet who said "all things are good when old," could not possibly have been nurtured on American soil. On the contrary, it is a largely prevailing disposition with us to brand things, which should be sacred with age, as "superannuated humbugs." This characteristic may be traced to the great feeling of *independence* which so thoroughly imbues every one, that he is unwilling to accept the opinions or theories of others, however sound, but founds a little system for himself on all subjects. Hence comes the tendency to extreme Radicalism, whose attending dangers are palpably manifold, but which cannot be discussed here.

Passing from the peculiarly American propensities let us notice a few general tendencies of the age.

To such a degree of perfection have all the arts and sciences attained in this latter half of our century; so extremely searching is the spirit of investigation and inquiry—leaving as it does, no secret nook so obscure but that its prying eyes can penetrate its recesses—that the minds of men have become bold, and restless, and discontented. A multitude of startling and conflicting creeds of ethics, government and religion, are vexing the world. The war of controversy becomes steadily more furious and intricate. Mental philosophy is a science with which not one man in ten thousand cares to busy himself; the contest over psychological and metaphysical theories is abandoned to the theologians and professors. And yet, those who *are* engaged in these matters evince a degree of mental freedom and boldness that

would have horrified Hamilton, himself a great reformer. Only within recent times have the numerous dogmas and heresies of the middle ages, which escaped the cleansing hand of the reformation, ceased to exercise a potent influence. Now, however, the insatiate spirit of investigation not only sets at naught the creeds of former times and philosophers, but even disregards the sacred truths of the Bible. Nothing is received upon testimony. Crucial proofs alone carry conviction. The doctrines of the Bible and the theories of Huxley are subjected to the same severe test.

It seems almost demonstrated that the human mind, when freed from trammels, can find no limit to its soaring progress. A modification of the evolution theory would even appear to receive somewhat of a verification in this. Primitive man would surely appear more nearly related to the highest order of animals than to the most enlightened people of to-day. A thousand years hence *we* will seem to have been mere pigmies in the intellectual scale. The fast spreading favoritism of the schemes of universal education, whilst their realization, *in toto*, is palpably vain, indicates the approach of a higher order of intelligence. As the minds of subjects become elevated, those of rulers must advance in a corresponding ratio. The time is long past when liberal education was confined to the learned professions. Colleges and universities all over the world are crowded with members of the great commercial class, as well as with a considerable factor of the great industrial classes.

The diffusion of learning amongst the masses is directly antagonistic to absolutism of every description. The acquisition of knowledge inspires men with abhorrence for menial positions. An educated people can no more endure the dictates of tyranny than an untamed tiger can submit to the guidance of a bridle. Hence, Democracy is steadily and surely broadening its confines. England is commonly styled "The Virtual Republic," whilst the central government of the German Empire is fast becoming more liberal in its administration. Will despotic Russia, propped up as she is by myriads of degraded minions, ever succumb? Her condition seems to answer emphatically, *impossible!* But for this stubborn exception, we would be drawn almost irresistibly to the conviction, when we consider the present rapid tendency to centralization, that ere many centuries shall have passed away, the dominion of the world will be divided amongst a few huge powers, consisting of highly centralized Republics, or extremely liberal monarchies.

I cannot forbear touching briefly upon another subject which is of momentous importance.

We are evidently in the midst of an era of religious revolution. It is undeniable that the religion of to-day differs vastly from that of fifty years ago. There *has* been, and *is* going on a constant attempt to rationalize the tenets of the Bible. When Galilee stood trembling before the inquisitor, and was compelled to forswear his faith in the Copernican system, he repeated, *sotto voce*, as he turned away, "the earth moves, for all that!" When the inquisition was abolished, this whisper became intensified, and with a host of other truths, resounded through the world with the emphasis of thunder, seeming about to demolish forever the whole structure of Christianity. But as soon as the

theologians were able to sharpen their intellects, grown rusty by long disuse, they discovered that these revelations of nature were properly compatible with those of the Bible. Since that time they have been kept constantly upon the *qui vive* to reconcile the discoveries of physical science with their doctrines. Religion has become steadily more and more rational and liberal, and free from superstition. Especially has this been the case of late years, when the study of natural philosophy is producing such stupendous results. Physiology, especially, presents many phenomena which seem to fortify the views of the materialists, and are puzzling to the theologians. Hence it is that the ranks of the former are swelling with great rapidity. The restless and independent spirit of the age, alluded to above, which demands proofs for everything, militates against the acceptance of the revelations of the Bible. The great German universities are becoming perfect hot-beds of infidelity, and many of our own leading institutions of learning are by no means free from the taint. This, then, is a dark and dangerous tendency, which mars the grandeur and beauty of the nineteenth century.

X.

OUR MODERN GODS.

We, the enlightened people of the nineteenth century, look with horror upon the heathenish idolatry and superstitious beliefs of the ancients, and yet we, in all our refinement and culture, have our idols and household gods. The superstitions which we entertain, and the ideas which we have, often coincide very closely with those of the old Greeks and Romans, with the only difference, that in some cases they were more enlightened than we are. The number of their gods, demi-gods, and personifications was large, in fact, almost infinite, and the arrangement and classification of them was most systematic. We have no acknowledged mythology, and, therefore, no system in our madness; it is nevertheless a sad reality that to all intents and purposes we are bound down and suppressed by gods which we serve most menially and debasingly.

Glancing over the list we behold Fate standing out more prominently than almost any other of our superstitious beliefs, and then again we find it holding a prominent place among the ancient heavenly powers. The Fates, or *Parcæ*, who were there in number, guided and directed the life of every human being, spinning the life thread of gold and silver, if it was to be happy; of black worsted, if it was to be miserable; and cutting short existence by an awful pair of shears. *Clotho*, *Lachesis* and *Atopos* were their names; the distaff, the spindle and the shears their insignia of office. They were old and ugly women, but were much feared and revered by the people. *Clotho* and *Lachesis* were beautifully dressed in robes spangled with stars, but *Atopos* in sombre black. If I mistake not they are more referred to by the classical ancient writers, such as *Virgil*, than any other of the dwellers above. Such were the Fates in olden time. We, every one of us, more or less, believe in the existence of an almost supernatural

power which guides our lives, influences our actions and hinders or promotes, as the case may be, our happiness. It is to us a huge monster and hard-hearted being, who may at any time thwart our cherished plans and frustrate our fondest hopes; and it is felt that it would be almost contrary to his habits to favor or advance our interests. Though we often try to shake off what we call a "foolish fear" about the reality of this monster, and though we know it is superstitious, it nevertheless often binds us as it were hand and foot, and deadens all our energies. Not unfrequently do we hear these words: "It is impossible for me to succeed, for Fate is against me," and also often they have a deeper meaning than we realize. The word *Fate*, and expressions similar to the one I have just mentioned, are found everywhere in the literature of to-day, and though we reject them as sceptical, at the same time the superstitious idea is gaining ground with fearful rapidity. This and like feelings ought to be, and daily are condemned, but day by day such beliefs strengthen and gain hold on the mind of the people. The notions of luck, chance, &c., are somewhat parallel to the ideas we have about Fate, and we can class them with the demi-gods. How these "demi-gods," luck and chance (though they do have such fearfully Anglo-Saxonish names) influence us all, from the greatest to the smallest, I need not speak of at length, but that their names are on the lips of every one of us, is a well-established fact.

Are not "Fashion," "Wealth," "Public Opinion," and "Fame" just as much gods to us as Venus, Apollo, Minerva, and Diana were to the Romans and Greeks two thousand years ago? They correspond very exactly. Fashion is the goddess at whose shrines and altars are laid as many votive offerings and sacrifices as could ever have been demanded by the most exacting heathen god. Her shrines are seen all over the whole land, and where is the town in the civilized world, small though it be, which does not lay its mite on Fashion's proud altar and bend submissive to her omnipotent will? She imposes her laws on all, and requires strict and immediate obedience. When pursued she fleeth, but sometimes takes up her abode where she is least expected. The number of her followers is beyond numbering, and every day as the world increases, so does the circle of Fashion's dominion extend. Her demands are severe, for she desires a complete submission of comforts, time and fortune, and then she repays only with the "celebrity of being ridiculed and despised," a very strange kind of remuneration, and yet it is always "most thankfully received."

Let us look at a few facts. Those who live in the city must have their residences on certain streets, because 'tis so decreed; must keep a large retinue and carriages and horses, because 'tis Fashion's law; must dress most extravagantly; must entertain most hospitably; must do a thousand and one other things, all because 'tis in Fashion's code. Thus time, money and liberty are all devoted to the service of this goddess, and the aim of life is made to consist in seeing who can follow, with the greatest exactness, the track of the chariot wheels of this powerful yet unseen deity. Outward appearance is one great feature in this worship, and those who, because their fortune is too small, cannot live in grandeur and style all the time, deny themselves

every comfort in private life so that when they come before the *world* they will make a great impression, and have it said of them "How Rich! How Fashionable!" Of the two sexes, the female takes the lead in this line, and nothing can afford a lady more pleasure than to spend all her time on dress. It becomes an art, a study and a science with her, and to have her dress complete, every pin in its place, the greatest number of ruffles and frills possible, and to exceed her next door neighbor, are her sole occupations. The dear children, too, must not be neglected, for without these satellites the mother would be at sea, and alone in her glory. Each one must have the required number of hats, bonnets, ribbons and bows (beaux, too, if they are old enough), and if at any time the question arises, "Shall the money be spent to dress the dear ones in style, or educate them?" it is soon decided, and with not much hesitation in favor of the former. Thus it is a perpetual race between the families of each section of a community, and they vie with each other in every possible way. No money, time, or trouble is spared to present a gaudy contrast with some one who may not be so greatly blessed in earthly stores as you are. Fashion leads the way, and all the world follows as meek and gentle as lambs, never once complaining or offering resistance.

Fame is another of our many deities, and those who are not swept along in the wave of adoration, and worship fashion, devote their strength and powers of body, and mind too, in waiting round the altar of this rival power. But this worship is far more elevated and praiseworthy. Real labor must be exhibited and some talent and power of mind shown before laurels can be obtained or the apex of glory reached. Long years of steady and faithful service and devotion must pass, and step by step, and round after round the weary way be trod and the lofty ladder climbed. 'Tis by long and enduring patience, with the goal ever in view, that the glorious end must be reached. Many falls and slides must occur by the wayside, and many rebukes must be received before the prize can be won.

LINA.

POETRY.

Logicians labor to prove their branch of knowledge—a science as well as an art—thus claiming preëminence over all others; psychologists endeavor, with equal assiduity, to raise theirs to that summit of grandeur and superiority, whence it can overlook the plain below, where the separate divisions of intellectual industry are clamoring and fighting for the mastery, and urge their tenets with the voice of command, while the scientist bids these empirical scions of arrogance and self-confidence never to presume to such a high and holy aspiration. With regard to these writers, we may say that they have always confounded, and not distinguished with due discrimination and accuracy, between science as knowledge or general sense, and science in particular. Why, we ask, cannot the devotee of poetry advance his standard to the summit of the hill, and plant *his* colors there? Surely the right may be defended. Poetry is not science, it is not religion, it is not

philosophy, it is not morality, but it is, as it were, a chemical compound of all, in which the several constituent parts are readily discerned when the analytic test is applied.

What better theme for the psychological student, what more replete with sound principle, what more capable of serving as the basis of a system that draws after it a long train of interesting, speculative inquiry, than the following lines from Tennyson's "In Memoriam?" in speaking of the development of the faculties in the child:—

" But as he grows, he gathers much,
And learns the use of "I" and "me,"
And finds I am not what I see,
And other than the things I touch," &c.

What a subject is there here for deep metaphysical thought, and with what pleasure do we look upon the poet and philosopher meeting upon the same broad plain, and vieing with each other in maintaining the same grand, glorious principle! Poetry here envelops with a mantle of beauty and grace one of the most perplexing questions of mental philosophy. But it is not the purpose or province of this essay to uphold the superiority of any single branch, for as no separate member of the human body can arrogate to itself preëminence, so in the world of intelligence hardly could any single branch claim the commanding eminence, since they are mutually dependent. No man ever lived without a stomach, lungs, or liver, and who could say that the heart, which sends the blood coursing through the veins, is the main-spring of animal life. No one can maintain it, for the liver, lungs and stomach all perform their duty—an indispensable duty. So in the world of letters, any distinct department of knowledge being dependent upon the others, cannot lay claim to absolute superiority, but all, linked and woven indissolubly together, form a rounded and compact literature, some part more prominent than others, but none preëminent.

To write upon poetry is like discussing scientifically the properties of the delicious tropical fruits, how one collocation of the atoms of carbon, hydrogen and oxygen go to form woody fibre; another, an acid; another, sugar, &c.; we prefer to sink the teeth deep down into the luscious mellowness of the fruit, and judge of its worth by its taste rather than to talk about it. But what is poetry? Not simply the expression of the beautiful by words, as some think; nor can it be defined as such an expression of language, whether in verse or not, as appeals to the emotional nature, is the product of the imagination, and intended *simply to amuse*. Such definitions will not hold, for the very thing that precipitates and crystalizes, so to speak, the poetical thought or idea, and distinguishes it outwardly from prose, is not forcibly insisted upon; and then the noble creation of Horace, the "*De Arte Poetica*," from which so many of our poets have drawn valuable and useful information in this divine art, and the "Essay on Man" by Pope, would be excluded from the list of poems.

It is said that in Milton's prose works there are sentences which are good specimen's of poetry; poetical in their nature and essence they may be, but they cannot be classified under the head of poetry, for they are lacking in one essential—they are not expressed in verse. In

Macpherson's Ossian, the thought or idea is poetical, but the language is prose.

Poetry's chief end and aim may be to delight, to please, yet by the higher imagination, it deals with subjects that are intended to instruct as well as delight; it addresses the emotional nature, is a product of the creative imagination, and is expressed in verse. It should be, as Milton says, "simple, sensuous, passionate;" simple, to be within the reach of all; sensuous, because it should so draw the picture as to vividly impress the reader; passionate, to appeal to the emotions, the higher, better part of man's nature.

By verse is meant, not the mere rhyme and jingle of words, put together, but the expression in easy, smooth, rythmical accent of thoughts that are in themselves essentially poetic. Lines may be poetic, but not poetry, for we often speak of a person being poetic when he gives scope and rein to his imagination, though its products are not in that form which distinguishes poetry from prose.

Any man may become a versifier but not a poet. There is much truth in Horace's oft-quoted line, "*poeta nascitur non fit*."

How often here in America do we find a mere jargon of slang christened with the high and spiritual name of poetry. Bret Harte, (who, to his credit be it said, has written good poetry,) may rhyme his cant phrases, that are grating to "ears polite," and dignify them with the name of "*dialect poems*," but the *literati* of the land must pass their opinion, and it is well known what that is. Burns also wrote poems in a dialect such as learned men love to read and dwell upon. Burns and Bret Harte, though, are two entirely different natures; the one, imbued with a sense of the almost divine origin of his art, and writing with the pen of inspiration; the other, a versifier having no higher purpose than to receive "reason for his rhyme."

Some dispute the right of didactic poetry. To this there is the reply that Hesiod and Virgil wrote in verse on agriculture, and called their productions poems; Horace wrote the "*Arte Poetica*," and called it a poem; and with such authority this branch has fully established its right. And, why not? For they have invested with interest the subjects of which they treat; they have united and interwoven the amusing and the instructive so intimately and dextrously that they are entitled, by all means, to the rank their authors claim.

From poetry has sprung history, which now claims the "lion's share" in the division of literary honors, while in the art itself, there has been a subdivision of intellectual labor, for which a change has been taking place since the time of Homer; then there was a mythology, the great Nile from which supplies were drawn; then virtues, graces were represented in some human form, but now we have a mingling of beauty and emotion, which a greater liberty of the imagination gives.

But this partition of intellectual industry may extend too far, overstep the limits of sense and reason, and the imagination be strained to conceptions infinitely absurd and unintelligible, as in the "Lady of Shallott." A writer most aptly illustrates the case as follows: "It is the hilt and its peculiar formation which more particularly distinguishes the sword from any other cutting instrument, but the blade—the faculty of cutting, which it shares in common with the most domestic

knife—is, after all, the most important part, the most requisite part of the sword.

It is especially necessary in all poetry that there should be a delicate play of imagination, but that which forms the underlying strata must be thought, reflection and the genuine passion of man. "Care should be taken that while the hilt and scabbard are carved and adorned with a gorgeous fret-work of surpassing beauty, real swords and not imitation or sham ones be made."

LE VAL.

A DREAM.

I slept and dreamed a dream. I stood on the hillside of life. Below me, as far as the eye could reach, extended the field of knowledge with its ripened grain glistening in the noonday sun. Not far from where I was standing there stood a stately oak, rearing its branches to catch the rays of sunlight as they fell from the beautiful blue sky. At the foot of this tree I could distinctly see a human form, and on approaching nearer I found it to be a youth of not more than eighteen summers, who, with his head resting on his arm, was wrapped in the arms of dull sleep. By his side lay a sycle, and looking out on the field and seeing the reapers at work, I wondered why he too was not reaping the golden grain.

Gently putting my hand on his shoulder I tried to arouse him, but all to no purpose; for with a groan he would answer my efforts, and then opening his eyes for a moment he would sink into his dull, cold slumbers. After one or two more trials to arouse him I returned to the spot from which I had first caught sight of the sluggard's form.

I turned my eyes once more to the field and saw the laborers at rest and enjoying the fruits of their labor.

Just then the last rays of the setting sun were lost behind the tree tops, and soon the pale moon rose. The slumberer awoke, and with a sigh he looked to see what he had lost. The day was lost and the unused sycle lay by his side. Here I awoke and found that the dream was not all a dream. I still stood on the hill-side of life, at my feet lay the sycle, and below extended the field of knowledge alive with its reapers.

I seemed in a trance, for now and then I felt a hand on my shoulder and heard a gentle voice whispering in my ear and urging me to the task. I seemed to open my eyes, for now and then I would make a golden resolution, and making a feeble effort to arouse would fall into the same dull lethargy which had before bound me. The spell was broken, but alas! too late; for the golden opportunities which had presented themselves were gone forever.

UNKNOWN.

TO DEAR ENGLAND, AND ENGLAND'S QUEEN.

BY A WANDERER.

Thou home of my fathers, far over the sea,
Wherever I wander, my thoughts turn to thee.
This land of adoption, ah! 'tis not my home,
Thus England is dearest, though far I must roam,
And England's fair Queen, still forever shall be,
The noblest, the fairest, the dearest to me.
The loveliest visions, which fancy can weave,
Around my dear country, forever shall cleave;
When sick, and dishearten'd, my heart seeks for rest,
'Twill soothe me to think of the land I love best.
I've treasur'd each legend in memory's chain,
Till glory like magic, enriches thy name;
Oh, beautiful island! thou gem of the sea,
As child to its mother, my heart turns to thee.
And when on the zephyr, my prayer shall arise,
The name of my Queen shall be borne to the skies;
Wherever I wander, thy subject I'll be,
Nor ever forget dearest England, or thee.

—[M. L. M.]

MISCELLANEOUS.

Rev. W. G. Starr, the popular and eloquent pastor of the Broad-street Methodist church, was formerly a student at Richmond College and a classmate of Professor Harris. The boys would be glad to see his pleasant face in their society halls.

The College of the City of New York has established a professorship in architecture. The salary is \$3,000 a year.

Japan has one university, at Tokio, the capital, and about a dozen colleges throughout the empire, devoted to agriculture, law, medicine, etc. A permanent fund of \$8,000,000 has been established for the purpose of education.

A little girl remarked to her mamma, on going to bed: "I'm not afraid of the dark." "No, of course you are not," replied the mamma. "I was a little afraid once, when I went into the pantry in the dark to get a tart." "What were you afraid of?" asked her mamma. "I was afraid I could not find the tarts?"

Young mother, deeply interested in a novel, but preserving some idea of her duties as a mother, to her eldest-born: "Henrietta, where is your little sister?" Henrietta: "In the next room, ma." Young mother, turning over page: "Go, and see what she is doing, and tell her to stop it this minute."

A Wisconsin editor illustrates the prevailing extravagance of the people of the present day, by calling attention to the costly baby-carriages in use now, while, when he was a baby, they hauled him around by the hair of the head.

ODDS AND ENDS.

We trust that the backbone of winter—winter is a vertebrate animal—has been broken. Now can we look forward to May flowers, warm zephyrs, and the spring fever; yes, even discern by the eye of faith—for experience worketh faith—that eventful period in the history of a revolving world when a benighted people are solemnly informed that “two distinctions are tantamount to one promotion.”

Heretofore the only two really great works of art that our city has possessed have been the “Battle of Yorktown” and a “War Map.” The best thing about the first is the view of the landscape beyond the heights, whilst the interesting feature of the “War Map” is the conflicting opinions it draws forth, as to whether or not the aggressive manner in which the Balkan mountains are run down towards Constantinople, proves the artist’s ultimate design of overthrowing the city. The more we examine these two great works of art, the more are we forced to admire the perfect simplicity and unadorned innocence of their creators, and from the depth of our souls cry out, “They were so artless.” But only two artistic gems were not enough for a city of the size of Richmond, so the law class put their heads together and had a picture of those heads taken. You ought to see it! At least that is the way we felt until we saw it. “Magnificent” ain’t the word for it. No; not by any means. The word for it is something like this, “Let it be hung side by side with the ‘Battle of Yorktown’ and the ‘War Map.’” Also we suggest that the Common Council erect a suitable building for the public exhibition of these pictures. Let the æsthetic tastes of our people be cultivated. Rome and Florence have their picture galleries, and, — Richmond hasn’t —, and that is just the difference. But it is a big difference! With their infernal—of course, we meant “internal”—picture galleries those wily, dark-skinned Italians draw the unsophisticated American tourist, whose shekels do their private “coffers fill.” We call on the citizens of Petersburg and Manchester to come over and help us, but they only answer, “You are fair of speech, but where are your pictures?” So we are forced to sit gloomily by and see this endless train of traffic and travel pouring out towards Rome and Florence. What profits it to hail the farmers of Chesterfield, when they are only intent on seeing pictures? Cato won by repeatedly thundering “*Carthago delenda est*,” and we, therefore, conclude that our main chance lies in saying as loud as we can, “Richmond must have her picture gallery!” But what’s to hinder? We can get a city lot almost anywhere to build on, and then the only thing to do is to hang up the pictures, — after getting them. ’Tis true we have not, as Rome has, the works of Raphael, Vinci and Titian, but then, upon the other hand, Rome has not the “Battle of Yorktown,” “The War Map” and a “Photograph of the Law Class.”

Comparisons are only odious when one stands on the wrong side of the comparison. Men often build stronger than they dream of, and we wager that members of the law class,—with the possible exception of one who seemed inspired for the moment to look up after some-

thing higher and better,—little thought, as they stood in front of the camera and struck heroic poses, and in obedience to instructions, fastened their eyes on such various objects as boot-jacks, horse-buckets and glue-pots, that they were not only furnishing materials for a picture, but for history, when the record will be written of how Richmond established a picture-gallery, and thereby revolutionize trade, draw traffic to her shores, (Rocketts is the best place to land at,) and completely overthrow the pride and glory of effete European monarchies.

It has been wisely said, "Beware of the man of one book." It is dangerous to presume on his ignorance, or to consider our culture greater than his. Although we have read many books, we must yet respect the man of one book. Why? Because, first, this man is a *master*. The expression implies that he has made this one book a part of his own self, "flesh of his flesh, and bone of his bone." Now a *master* must always command respect. The greatest eulogy ever pronounced on Brougham was the simple-worded one, "If my Lord had begun life as a shoeblack, he would never have rested content till he had become the best shoeblack in England." Again, this man of one book, whom we have seen was a master, has selected a *great* book. No other kind would satisfy the demands of so strong and inquiring a mind. It must have been a perpetual fountain, or long since it would have been exhausted—no longer able to refresh and strengthen. But the book was the Bible, or Shakespeare, or Plato, or Homer, or Virgil, and every perusal of it only led to fresh discoveries of greater beauties. There is a depth here, which seemingly can never be quite reached. But why wonder at their intellectual richness? They are the inspired thoughts of the greatest minds. Of such Milton has written, "A good book is the *precious life-blood* of a master spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life." You, who have idly read a hundred books, can, perhaps, give a dozen ideas or facts out of each of them, but you have never sounded their depth or tasted their richness. You have turned the pages, and your eye has swept the lines, but the book is to day no part of you. But the man of one book has instilled into his own veins that "precious life-blood" of which Milton writes, Plato is *his*. He not only has followed Plato's course of reasoning, but followed it in a manner that has made him a Platonic reasoner. He is not only armed to discern the sophistries that Plato did discern, but to reject those modern ones that a Plato would have rejected. It is not enough that he sees what Plato saw, but that he sees as Plato saw; it is not enough that he face the great problems Plato faced, but that he face great problems with Plato's spirit. Beware of the man of one book, of him who only acknowledges one master, and bows before one altar, for his devotion has made him great.

If to-day there is a man who has better excuse on account of his great success and greater ignorance, to harbor pride than another, it is Mr. Dennis Kearney, of the Sand-lots of San Francisco. His cry that "Them Chinese must go," has been, barring a few corrections of grammatical mistakes, adopted by the Senate and Congress of the United States. Such being the fact, we think that it was rather unfair in the framer of the bill not to have more prominently mentioned

in his preamble to it that Dennis was the virtual author of it. It would have been only a simple act of justice, and, besides, it would have pleased Dennis. But, possibly, it was only in keeping with the spirit of the whole bill, not to show any special regard for justice. But Dennis will understand that our great statesmen meant him no offence; their passage of the Chinese bill but too clearly proves that they are too fully assured of the political power of him and his friends to purposely show him the least disrespect. So, come Dennis, what's the use of getting mad! Forgive them this time, and thereby heap coals of fire on their heads. And if they misuse you again, don't return them to Washington, and that will make a second time that you can give them the coals. (From the peculiar character of the ordinary statesman's* head, we have good reason for believing that this second application will burn deeper than the first.) Keep up courage, Dennis, and who knows but they will rededicate the Washington Monument and call it the Kearney Pillar, with some such suitable inscription as "Them Chinese Must Go." Although this is written on Washington's birthday we see no consistent reason for longer revering his character and principles, "Do you, Dennis?" But, seriously, when a nation has forfeited principles to expediency, though it seemingly be for the present benefit of a whole people, can she be surer of her footing than the individual who makes the like sacrifice? Burke says, "It is the spirit of the British Constitution which infused through the mighty mass of the English settlements, pervades, feeds, writes, invigorates every part, even down to the minutest." When the spirit of the British Constitution failed us we were "pervaded, fed, united, invigorated by a nobler principle—the principle of perfect liberty and full political equality—the principle of "The Immortal Declaration." "We hold these truths to be self-evident, that *all men* are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable *rights*; that among these are life, *liberty* and the *pursuit of happiness*." Can we say that to-day we recognize this principle in its fullness, that we are ready to follow it to its logical sequences. If not, is this great government built upon any—not doctrine or policy—upon any *principle*.

* We recognize the fact that the use of the word "statesman" in this connection demands explanation. Once upon a time we should have called all such "politicians," but a country cannot get along without statesmen, so on account of the country rather than on their's, we call them "statesmen."

LOCAL MENTION.

Ball to the bat !

"Resolved, that every man *is* a free agent."

Who has got a pony? Don't all speak at once.

Mu Sigs and Philologists have both decided to "Go West."

Is a frog an insect? Is a foot-soldier an infant? Does the sun move? For answers to all of which *vide* Brother Jasper.

"In the spring a livelier iris changes on the burnished dove; in the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love." In the spring the radiators (refrigerators) are repudiated, and the mud on Franklin street gets deeper; in the spring the cows come to graze, and the pastors of the city to play croquet on our campus.

While two students were walking up the railroad the other evening they met an old colored woman, who asked them how they were. "Well," says one of them, "The old man ain't *many* this evening." "Yes," said she, "I thought as soon as I saw you that you did not look like *much*."

The Philologists have repudiated their old chairs, and, having bought some very handsome new ones, have (re)adjusted themselves in more comfortable positions than formerly.

The other night in the Mu Sigma Rho Society, a member said that after Cain had killed Abel he committed suicide. And about twenty ministerials who were present believed what he said, and took it all in. Such is life.

The Philomatics want to know if the given name of the corresponding secretary of the Philologist Society isn't Hallelujah. They say that they received an official communication from him with his first name signed "Hal." They think that, if their supposition is correct, his name is *G(e)orged*—full of all that is desirable in nomenclature.

Two members of the law class went down to stand an examination preparatory to getting out licenses. The judge complimented them on their standing, and turning to one of the applicants said: "Mr. H. what interest will you have in your wife's goods and chattels?" Mr. H. answered boldly: "A very deep interest, sir." The judge signed the applications.

Some of the members of the chemistry class are determined that they shall not be taken for Northerners. They are certainly the poorest "guessers" we have ever seen. The wildest fanatic, racking his brain for peculiar ideas, could hardly rival the astounding answers made on some occasions by these gentlemen. For instance, the other day one of them said "that carbonic acid was made from saltpetre." Another gentleman, when asked how much rain fell here in a year replied: "Forty-five miles." We would advise him to rein in his flowing fancy, or else he will never weather the next examination.

During the late rainy, damp spell, colds have been all the go at college. One young man, "mad to death's mystery," said he believed he would blow himself out of existence. Another student, who is devoted to love, music, and flowers, was heard repeating these lines, as follows :

"Cub, oh cub with be,
The bood is beabig ;
Cub, oh cub with be,
The stars are gleabig,
And all around, above,
With beauty teabig—
Bood-light hours are the best for love."

There probably have been more appeals and disputed points of order in both the literary societies this session than ever before. The members seem very desirous of acquiring knowledge in this way, and never let an opportunity pass to challenge the decision of the president. And speaking of this reminds us of something we heard the other day. At a public meeting in one of the towns of Pennsylvania the following occurred :

"The chairman : 'The chair will not dispute the point with Mr. Watson.' Mr. Watson : 'The chair had better not, unless he takes his coat off.' The chair did not." Although to preside well in either of the societies it is not necessary for the president to take his coat off, still he has to go at it with his sleeves rolled up and his head right cool and level.

The other night one of the students attended the Mozart, and on his way back to college stopped at several places "to rest?" He was heard, as he entered his room, muttering, "Give-give me a hot chorus, with a stick in it on the half-shell." It was given to him in the shape of a boot-jack and two old shoes.

A certain student of the cottage has been visiting very constantly, of late, a charming young lady in the city. He was very much edified the other day to hear that the young lady was very fond of *settled* gentlemen.

The base ball season has fairly opened, and all of the glories of bat and ball have burst upon us again. This is one of the most enjoyable out-door games, as well as a fine exercise. The Richmond College club has been organized with W. T. Hudgins as captain and H. H. George as secretary. We are sorry to see a disposition among its members to prevent, if possible, the organization of any other base ball clubs. Every student, young or old, married or single, should join some club, and participate in this most beneficial exercise. But for each man to be able to play often, there must be more than one club here. Probably, it would be well to resurrect the Independent and Pillgolic.

Tuesday night, February 25th, Mr. C. W. Tanner, of the city, gave the members of the Va. Delta, Chapter of the Phi. Delta Theta Fraternity a handsome banquet, at the residence of his father, Col. Wm. E. Tanner. Representatives from the Va. Alpha and Va. Alpha

Alumni were also present and participated in the exercises of the evening. Toasts were drank and responded to, fraternity songs were sung, and a right royal good time was had by all present. Mr. Tanner was at College session before last, where he joined Phi Delta Theta. He is one of the most loyal of the Phis, and this is only one of the many proofs he has given of his affection for his fraternity.

There is one poor little robin living in the trees on the Campus. Fifteen College boys have been trying to kill it for the last three weeks. They are headed by a young man whose disposition is more inflexible than *steel*, so we suppose they will get him by the end of the session.

Is it right, is it moral, is it conscientious to bring a rat to the very edge of death and then resuscitate him? We ask for an answer from the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

PERSONALS.

PRIVATE LIBRARY
Chas. A. G. Th

Jesse Abraham is teaching in Washington.

F. T. West, Jr., '77-'78 is practicing law in this city.

W. G. Woodfin, '48-'49, has just been elected a professor in the University of Georgia.

L. T. Gwathmey, '66-'67, is building up a fine reputation in Howard College at Marion, Alabama.

Ro. Ryland, '55-'56, of King William. is one of the most attentive and industrious members of the Legislature.

Judge S. C. Redd, '51-'52, does a good law practice in this city, as well as the judging for Hanover county.

Rev. M. B. Wharton, D. D., '58-'59, has recently declined a \$2,500 call to a church in Nashville, Tennessee.

Rev. James Anderson, '60-'61, clerk of the Roanoke Baptist Association, died on February 18th, at Spring Garden.

Tom Hayes and Frank Bouldin sustain well the reputation which our former representatives at the University have gained for us.

W. S. Ryland, '57-'58, son of Rev. Robert Ryland, D. D., has become president of a female college in Lexington, Kentucky.

C. F. James has built a nice church in Buchanan, Virginia, and is much loved by his people. He has a youngster who wears a Mu Sig badge.

F. M. McMullen, session '52-'53, is a prominent member of the Legislature of Virginia. He would repudiate the State debt any day (and Sunday too.)

Captain C. T. Smith, '58-'59, has recently been elected treasurer of Caroline county. Besides this, he runs a farm, a store, a school and a mill, and does all well.

C. H. Chalkley, '77-'78, is at the Medical College in this city learning how to hasten us poor mortals to that "undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveler returns!"

Rev. H. D. Ragland, '58-'59, wants all his old friends to send him a dollar a piece to repair his Licking Hole Church, in Goochland county, Va. We will give him a dollar if he will change the name of his church.

R. D. Adams is in business with his father. He has lately made a valuable contribution in the way of coins to the museum. Oh, that we had hundreds like him. Wouldn't our museum grow?

Rev. J. T. Whitely, editor of the *Christian Sun*, has, so report says, ceased to be a *Christian* and become a *Methodist*. Why are these things thusly, and what is the cause of their thushness.

J. L. Willburn, '77-'78, is in business with his father in Charleston, S. C. He sent on \$5 to the Decoration Committee of the M. S. R. Society the other day. It would be a good thing if others would follow his example.

M. L. Spotswood is practicing law in Richmond. He is the captain, the most popular one in the city, they say, of the crack company in the State. He is a worthy son of his *alma mater*, and stands high in his profession.

A. W. Patterson is doing well at the University. His many friends at Richmond College watch his course with interest, and wish him success in all his undertakings. Arch, don't get so much wrapped up in the University as to forget R. C.

A. G. McManaway is enjoying wedded bliss. He is trying to instill religious principles into the minds of the Blacksburg people. He paid us a flying visit the other day. Always glad to hear from you, Mack.

A. R. Long and W. W. Field are at the University—one and inseparable. Dick, you might have *penn'd er* few lines for us and it isn't too late now. Another dissertation on *hoaxes* would not be unacceptable from your "old lady."

Our old friend, E. Burgess, Jr., was in Richmond last month. He is doing a thriving business in Culpeper, but is not married as was reported; he hopes to be, however, if certain negotiations are successful. He inquired after the old students. The MESSENGER will keep you informed as to their whereabouts and doings. *Verbum sat*, &c., (a chemical term.)

J. W. Boyd, '77-'78, is courting the girls, drinking beer and reading law at Buchanan, Va. He will take law either here or at the University next session. In a letter to one of the editors, he says, "Allow me to congratulate you on the success of the MESSENGER. It is a great improvement on the *Musings*." Thank you, Jim; it is an encouragement to know that our efforts are appreciated.

EXCHANGES.

The Euzelian Atfum has abridged its title and now graces our sanctum desk simply as *The Aldum*. The noble significance of the discarded prefix is still, however, displayed through every page. The size of the paper has been doubled, and hence its attractions increased in a corresponding ratio. Polite accomplishments and genuine feminine vivacity are displayed throughout. *The Album*, representing as it does the most superior female educational institution in the South, is now well worthy of the place whence it issues.

'Tis with much pleasure that we greet *The McGill Gazette* among our exchanges. Its neat pages contain articles of interest. "Modern Philosophical Thought" is particularly entertaining, showing deep thought and careful consideration of the subject on the part of the writer. While we do not altogether agree with him in all that he says in regard to Professors Tindall and Huxley, yet we think he handled the subject admirably. Of course we were pleased with the little poem taken from the *Trinity Tablet*. We look in vain for the editors' names, but do not wonder at not finding them after what is said about that develish Freshie.

The College Message contains an excellent poem by A. J. Ryan, who is acknowledged to be one of the first poets of the times. He is a regular contributor to the *Message*, and adds much to the value of it. The Last Days of Constantinople is important on account of the historical information. We always welcome the *Message* among our exchanges and read it carefully, not at all condemning it for "showing its colors" religiously.

We cannot abstain from noticing the extremely profane language used by the exchange editor of the *Emory and Henry Clarion*. We think he should have more respect for his college than to let such language, as he addresses to some of his exchanges, appear in its organ. We lay it aside in disgust.

The *Ariel* contains some articles which are readable. The Romantic School is especially good. The writer, however, has some ideas about the poets, in regard to which we, with all due deference, beg leave to differ.

The *Visette* has a garb, becoming it well. It is always with a feeling of contentment that we sit back in the editorial chair and read it through. We always regret that there is not more reading matter. Its chief merit consists in "Darlyle's Essay on Scott." That is, indeed, a treat such as we do not often receive from the Northwest. We notice that it pays very little attention to exchanges, devoting only one column to them, and mentioning only three.

We cannot diverge from the path of veracity, so we must say we are not well pleased with the *College Index*. Perhaps it is due to the "get up" of the paper, the type, or something of that sort. The "Ode from Horace" would be a rather dangerous "pony." We have tried them not so spirited, and have been "thrown."

The Hagerstown *Seminary Monthly*, while it does not come up to our ideal of a female paper, is ever welcome and gives us some good prose and medium poetry. Who has read its local items and not "smole a smile."

The *Mexia Weekly Ledger*, though not a college journal, is always welcome on account of the frontier news which it brings us.

We are quite surprised after glancing at the stately garb of the *Reveille*, to see its first prose article headed "Parrots." However, our surprise gave place to admiration as we read it. We feel grateful to the author of the poem preceding this article for not heading it "Beautiful Snow."

We are pleased to see among our Western exchanges the *High School Journal*.

The welcome light of the *Beacon* still shines over us from the far North, and for the month of February has more than its usual brilliancy.

The Georgetown *College Journal* contains several poems, one of them very good. We are of the opinion that the *Journal* would be appreciated more highly if it contained fewer borrowed articles. Society notes will not be very pleasing to the Alumni, nor to many others.

We must conclude that the editors of *King College Exponent* are sentimental to the extreme. The last issue of the *Exponent* contained no less than six poems. We consider the one entitled "A Year and a Day" superior to the rest, for the simple merit—brevity.

Scribner's, for March, opens with an article which is especially interesting to college men, "A College Camp at Lake George." The Manhattan Chapter of the Alpha Delta Phi fraternity, about ten years ago, took a summer camp at this historic place, and the precedent is still followed up. The article in *Scribner* is a pleasant account of one of these encampments, blended with much historical and topographical information concerning Lake George, a continuous battle ground during the French and English wars. There seems to be no topic which could possibly afford general interest that escapes the columns of this periodical. There is no class of readers whom its excellencies can fail to interest. To reading rooms it is indispensable. We notice especially an illustrated biography of the great popular favorite, Modjeska; also a number of handsome poetical tributes to Bayard Taylor, and a most highly polished essay styled "De Gustibus"—a dissertation on good taste and good manners. The departments, "Topics of the Times," "Culture and Progress," and "The Work," keep one thoroughly posted on the occurrences of the age. For general literary excellence *Scribner's* is unrivaled.

Its attendant, from the same house, "St. Nicholas," is the only periodical of its nature in this country. The firm who originated it deserve to be styled national benefactors. In this age of rapid progress no children can grow up well informed, unless just such a journal as this is placed in their hands. Every page reminds us of the sunny days of childhood, and affords us an inexpressible charm. It is always with a mental protest that we turn away from its perusal.

EDITORIAL NOTE.

We wish to call attention of the final committees to a complaint, which has become quite common of late. That is, the very dirty, not to say ungentlemanly habit, which some young men have of spitting on the floors. This habit is bad enough when practiced in the lecture-rooms, but when tobacco chewers so far forget themselves, or are so negligent in observing the rules of good breeding as to expectorate on the floors when ladies are present, they should be summarily dealt with. Now we don't mean to charge any students with this practice, but we do charge them with an unpardonable negligence in permitting it. It is anything but right to invite ladies to come to the college and then compel them to walk through passages which have been made filthy by these chewers. As we said above, we call attention of the committees to this, and hope they will see that it is stopped immediately.

COLLEGE NEWS, &c.

A Professor of Classics and Comparative Philology and Literature is wanted in the University of Australia. Salary, £1,000. Here now is a chance for some one of our enterprising American scholars. Apply to Arthur Blythe, 8 Victoria Chambers, Westminster, London, S. W.—*Christian Union*.

Princeton College flourishes under the presidency of Dr. McCosh. Since he became president she has received gifts to the amount of over \$2,000,000, and the number of students has doubled.—*Spectator*.

Of the nine hundred and ninety-seven students at Eton, one is a marquis, one an earl, one a viscount, two are counts (foreign), thirteen are lords, thirty-eight are honorables, and three baronets.

The University of Minnesota has succeeded in encouraging a permanent appropriation for the Reading Room, so that hereafter there need be no delay in obtaining the necessary papers and magazines at the beginning of the year.

Harvard and Princeton Colleges will give the degree of M. A. only to those who take a special post graduate course of one year, and then pass a rigid examination.

The students of Tufts College lately petitioned the Faculty for fire escapes in the college buildings. The request was granted by forbidding smoking in or around the premises.

The Harvard instructor in German, who was convicted of selling examination papers, has been dismissed from the faculty.

Who does not like moonlight nights? The *devil*.

Cornell is engaged in a chess contest with Union College.—*Reveille*.

A lady named Mary Magui-ah
Had trouble in lighting her fi ah,
The wood being green,
She used kerosene.

* * * *

She has gone where the fuel is dri-ah.—*McGill Gazette*.

Bowdoin College requires \$25 annually as a tax for all students rooming outside the college building.

Nearly five millions of dollars are annually expended by American students in Europe for educational purposes.

" Little chunks of wisdom,
Little grains of chaff,
Make the *tout ensemble*
Of a paragraph."—*Ex*.

Tableaux. Execution of Mary Queen of Scots: Mary with head on the block, executioner with axe uplifted poised for the death-blow, and breathless silence; small boy exclaimed: "Pa, why don't he chop?"

A Young Men's Infidel Association has been organized at Cornell, with a membership of thirty.—*Ex*. Comment is unnecessary for those who know on what basis Cornell is run.—*Pa. Col. Mon*.

Early to bed and early to rise,
Makes a man healthy, wealthy and wise;
But early to *ryes* and tardy to bed,
Makes a man's nose turn *cardinal red*!—*Ex*.

Josh Billings says: "Before a man deliberately makes up his mind to be a rascal, he should examine himself closely, to ascertain whether he is not better constituted for a fool."

The school boys in California, when asked, "How is the earth divided?" answered, "By earthquakes."

Grind, grind, grind! and no items at all have I;
I cannot evolve a single thought, tho' I scratch my head and try,
O woe to the printer man, as for copy he loudly shrieks;
And double woe to one who for copy vainly seeks!
The verdant Fresh, goes by to his boarding house over the way,
But he breaks not his neck, or some trifle like that, to give me a joke to-day,
Grind, grind, grind! and a ruined man I'll be,
If the old machine that grinds out rhymes should ever go back on me!

—[*Ariel*].

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